THE

FUGITIVE OF FOLLY;

INTENDED AS A REPRESENTATIVE SKETCH

OF THE

PROGRESS OF ERROR,

FROM

YOUTH TO MANHOOD:

IN A

MINIATURE OF MODERN MANNERS,

WITH

HINTS FOR THE REGULATION OF THE POLICE, &c. &c.

Animus, meminisse horret, luctuque refugit.

VIRG.

——— Facilis descensus Averni,
Sed revocare Gradum, &c. ———

Id.

BY THO^S. THOUGHTLESS, JUNIOR, ESQUIRE.

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MDCCXCIII.

TO

Young Noblemen—

Men of Faſhion and Fortune—

In Great Britain—and in Particular,

To thoſe at

The Univerſities of Oxford and Cambridge,

This little Work——

Is moſt Reſpectfully Dedicated

By

Their moſt obedient

Humble Servant

THE AUTHOR.

A QUONDUM OXONIAN.

ADVERTISEMENT.

NOVEL writing and Novel reading ſeem the Taſte of the preſent Age, and admitting the Fact is no otherwiſe cenſurable than in its abuſe.—A well written Novel, ſeldom fails to exhibit a Picture of

human Manners, that may be uſeful in the Conduct of human Life; and of all Modes of Inſtruction, it is aſſuredly the moſt inſinuating and impreſſive upon the Mind; this is evident from the Avidity with which every *tolerable* Production of this kind is received by the Public, in preference to any other Species of Writing—it is however, rather remarkable,

 that

that the Authors of theſe Productions ſhould ſo univerſally reſort to the Regions of *Fiction*, when Matter of *Fact* lies ſo open before them, and would afford more Entertainment as well as Inſtruction, than could poſſibly be culled from Works of the brighteſt Fancy decorated with the richeſt Wardrobe of Words. The Impreſſion upon the Mind, which

Truth

Truth invariably gives to Narrative, by bringing every Incident home to Life, muſt, out of all Reach of Compariſon, be greater, and of Courſe, the Work more beneficial and extenſive in its Influence.

The following little Production, although it ſomewhat aſſumes the more enchanting Form of Romance, is a ſimple Narrative

rative of Facts, that have actually occurred, blended with Reflections they naturally produce, and an unexaggerated Deſcription of Perſons and Characters really exiſting, neither coloured nor caricatured, although ſome few extraneous Circumſtances are introduced to prevent the Identity of perſonal Application.—It is written principally to guard unthinking

thinking Youth againſt the *Progreſs of Error*, by Examples drawn from modern Manners, endeavouring at the ſame time to inforce a Maxim that cannot be too often inculcated, (namely.)—" That Prudence and Œconomy are the great, if not the only Safeguards of Virtue—the Palladium of Peace and Happineſs, and that Prodigality and Intemperance are

the

the Fathers of Misery and Vice; leading almost inevitably the Road to Ruin!" Lucky Casualties may save one in an hundred, but this disproportionate Majority of Infortunates, will generally be found, on Investigation of the Fact.—It may be therefore taken as a Principle, "That every Life commenced or continued at least, in Dissipation and Extravagance, terminates

minates in Want and Sorrow." —The Readers' Feelings too it is hoped will not remain unanimated, againſt the ſordid and vicious Diſpoſitions of worldly Men.—

Care has been taken in this ſhort Sketch of modern Manners, to ſhew the *uſual*, and more prevalent *Progreſs of Error* among young Men of Family

mily and Fortune of the preſent Day, and in particular to guard them againſt the *firſt*, by a faithful Delineation of its too probable Conſequences, founded on Obſervations that are the reſult of Experience.—

The Arts of *pretended Money Lenders*, as well as the Snares and Temptations ſpread by *others* for unwary Youth, are here

here expoſed to view, and it is hoped will operate as Cautions to awaken their Attention, and apprize them of the Danger that every Way awaits them *at the Outſet of Life*.—Should the Peruſal bring a Bluſh upon the Cheek of conſcious Vice, or awaken a Senſe of Shame in the Boſom of Folly, the Writer's Purpoſe is anſwered.—That the Inſtance here given, (of ONE

who

who has fallen a Victim to theſe Snares, who *now* ſuffers, and who has no future Proſpect, but that of feeling their dreadful Conſequences through Life,) may ſerve as an Example, to deter OTHERS from the ſame wayward Fate, is his warmeſt and concluding Wiſh.——

PARIS NOVEMBER,
20th. 1792.

THE FUGITIVE OF FOLLY, &c.

I THOMAS THOUGHTLESS Junior, am the ſon of a Gentleman in the **** of England, of a very conſiderable fortune and good family, being, like the *Sap-ſkulls*, lineally or collaterally related to many of the greateſt Men in the three Kingdoms.

I am my own Hiſtorian and Biographer, as much from neceſſity as choice, not being ſuperabundant in caſh, to pay another for performing, what (perhaps from the ſuggeſtions of vanity) I feel competent ability to do myſelf—but as every Writer has his *motive* for ſtepping before the Public, in the character of an Author uncalled for, (which to avoid the imputation of impertinence, it is neceſſary he ſhould announce), it is not without a degree of conſcious pride, that I can proclaim mine to be as laudable, as ever ſtimulated the pen of a Scribbler or generated the groans of a Preſs.

This

This little Production owes its birth to the warmeſt wiſhes of Philanthropy, to a deſire of preſerving others, of this great and prolific family, from becoming Victims of Vice, or, like myſelf, a *Fugitive of Folly.*

This is *one* conſequence, naturally to be hoped, and the principal one aimed at—ſhould a piece of that *thin paper* (ſo eminently uſeful to every rank of Being in Society, and to none more than the Fugitive) be *another*, as a Tribute due to a ſmall exertion of Induſtry, and ſuch little Talents as Providence has bleſſed me with, it will not fail giving a very agreeable

fillip to the Spirits, that with Men of a certain age, invariably ebb and flow, according to the ſtate of the breeches pocket.—*Folly*, being the principal Subject of theſe ſheets, if there are thoſe, who can write better, no one can write more *feelingly* than myſelf; beſides, it has been very juſtly obſerved, that none are more capable of giving advice, than thoſe who have taken the leaſt of it themſelves, and if this confers the right of offering it, ſure I am, no one will diſpute mine.

Theſe ſlender memoirs are confined to that period when the boy begins to aſſume the Conduct and Character of youthful Manhood;

Manhood; it may be proper however to obſerve, that no *ſingularity of Character* marked my infant years,—except that being naturally of a gay temper, I was ever, one of the moſt ſportive Sons of Frolic, and like the fat Knight of facetious memory, not only fond of mirth myſelf, but the cauſe of it in others.

The period of "nonage" has been happily compared to a calm in a voyage, a ſort of void, neither ruffled by pain, nor ſeaſoned by enjoyment, and the Traveller through life, as well as the Paſſenger at ſea (writing at a diſtant day, when the multitude of worldly objects have in-

tervened to diſtract his attention) can recollect little more concerning it, than that he exiſted, while it laſted.

The period, which I ſhall denominate the "School Age" paſſed alſo, in the uſual undiſtinguiſhed ſtile,—and on a fair arrangement of accounts on leaving it, between Learning debtor, and per contra, Birch, creditor, the balance was allowed in favor of my learning, and *Alma Mater* adjudged to receive no ſmall credit in adopting another of her ſons at the age of ſixteen. To ſpeak truth, a conſiderable ſhare of Latin and Greek had been inoculated into my tail, and however lit-

tle

tle diſpoſition, my *future* Life may have ſhewn to the Toils of Literature, the Proſpect was *then* fair for the richeſt Harveſt;—but no care alas! was taken to weed the ſoil, and it is now too late to water the Leaves, when the Plant is withered at the root!—The ſoil may be weedy that is not barren!

College, is the grand theatre of action, the Portal of youthful Life, where Genius firſt opens.—The Parent's Eye operates like froſt to the Roſe-bud; *here*—(removed as it were to a warmer latitude)—it firſt expands, and the Character of the Man begins to unfold itſelf, *here* the youth

youth aſſociating with greater Numbers of different Tempers, Habits and Situations of Life, naturally adopts and aſſimilates their Manners, *here* he takes the firſt intoxicating draught of *Pleaſure* and having once embraced the Syren, with what eager appetite he afterwards purſues her, needs not be told; *here*, for the firſt time he aſſumes the Reins, and free from the poſſible reſtraint of Maſters, Tutors, and Parents guides the Chariot unreſtrained. It is in vain (ſays a celebrated French Writer) that Reſtraint, in this ſeaſon of Life, is impoſed, upon Inclination, the Heart gives Law to itſelf, and eludes the ſhackles of Slavery; the dictates of Wiſdom may flow

from

from parental lips, but the Voice of Nature is ſtronger than theirs, and how can we avoid liſtening to her when ſhe ſpeaks the Language of our Hearts!!!

Money ſerves to multiply Ideas, as well as to repreſent them, and the command of it, which he now gets for the firſt time, as it were, by inſtantaneous Impulſe, *expands* his Ideas, but by *enlarging* alſo his ardour for Enjoyment, precipitates him into Purſuits that often prove the Seeds of future Sorrow, and grow into Ruin. Our niverſities of the preſent day, inſtead of being thoſe ſeats of laborious Study and rigid Manners that diſtinguiſhed the Times

of

of our Anceſtors, are now little more than Seminaries for the acquiſition of perſonal Accompliſhments, Scenes of elegant Amuſements and faſhionable Follies: the pecuniary allowance made by the Parent, however liberal, not being at all regulated by the controul of Prudence, or the dictates of Experience, is very ſeldom found adequate to the youth's Expenditure, but College life, and College Manners, are ſo univerſally known, and ſo many pens have contributed to deſcribe them, that the Picture redrawn would be at beſt but uſeleſs repetition: let it ſuffice, therefore, to obſerve, that finding an eaſy Credit with thoſe who make a Trade of ſupplying young

young men of *Expectations* with money at uſurious intereſt, it is *here* he firſt adopts the Idea of *Borrowing*, and from the contagion of Example, taking up Baubles on Credit (which it is unneceſſary to ſay, are always charged at unreaſonable Prices) he quits College with a debt on his ſhoulders, that though ſmall in its Commencement, is gradually, and in its firſt advances, almoſt imperceptibly, growing greater, till at length it approaches by larger ſtrides, and with a long train of Evils running like parallel lines, and following as almoſt neceſſary Conſequences, *ultimately* overwhelm him.—And he becomes, if not a Victim of Vice, at leaſt a *Fugitive of Folly*.

Did

Did there exiſt a *Calendar* of the Unfortunate, the ſearch of every page would eſtabliſh the veracity of theſe Obſervations and ſubſtantiate the aſſertion, that the Ruin of Thouſands, might be unerringly traced to this *ſingle* ſource of Evil.—Let others ſpeak as they find, I take the liberty of doing the ſame. During a reſidence of four years at the univerſity of Oxford, I contracted a Debt of no more than three hundred pounds, and to that ſmall *Beginning* of Error, can trace *all* the ſubſequent Errors and Misfortunes of my Life,—as it is the Purpoſe of theſe ſheets to demonſtrate. May others of my young Countrymen, benefit by the example and avoid the ſame ſnare, which

which, however, the Inexperience and thoughtleſs Levity of Youth ſeldom enables them to ſhun.—Let them not be too confident of their own Abilities and Addreſs to eſcape them. Cunning, (ſays Goldſmith,) is an overmatch for Wiſdom, operating like Inſtinct in Brutes; it moves in a narrow Circle, but within the Compaſs of its influence, it too generally operates with Succeſs, and it is a melancholy Fact, verified however by Experience in the Hiſtory of the human Heart, that the beſt Diſpoſitions are ever the earlieſt and eaſieſt Victims of Cunning and Credulity.

It was an Obſervation made by the great earl of Mansfield (upon the Occaſion of a

Man who was tried before him, and convicted of ſome very flagrant, but common Fraud) that it was aſtoniſhing Mankind ſtill *continued* to be taken in, and deceived by the ſame ſtale Tricks and Artifices, uniformly practiced for a Century; and it certainly ſeems to the full as extraordinary that the Guardians of Youth, in the ſeveral Capacities of Fathers, Preceptors and Tutors,—ſhould ſtill continue the Dupes of the very ſame Tricks and Stratagems, that have been exchanged,—as it were, by mutual Connivance between them for a Space of two thouſand, Years. The old claſſic Comedies, down to Fielding, and the modern Ariſtophanes (Mr Foote) are full of them, and we

we ſee the ſame, ſtill continue to be ſucceſsfully played off to this Day, with little Variation. They all terminate now, as formerly in the dextrous Deception of ſome cloſe-fiſted old Gentleman (whether in the Character of an Uncle, Parent or Preceptor) and almoſt by the ſame means, (namely by means of an intriguing confidential Servant, of which the Object is a Miſtreſs, a Taylor, Gameſters, and Tavern keepers. To theſe, the Faſhion of modern Times, adds, Money-lenders, and Gentlemen of the Whip, by which are meant, Horſe-jockies, Horſe-dealers, and Curricle-venders. Fielding's Comedy called the "Templar," and a late little Piece of

Co'man's

Colman's, are exact Repreſentations of what every Day paſſes among young Men of Faſhion in the Intercourſe of modern Life.

Although Payment of the *College Remnant* it poſtponed for a Time, it is every Day-ſtealing on; the grand Plot of the Drama is, to conceal it from the Parent, which is always effected (as before obſerved) through the medium of a confidential Servant, whoſe principal qualifications for Service are, Addreſs in telling a Lie, watching the old Gentleman's motions and communicating them: Readineſs in giving an anſwer, and Ingenuity in putting off a Dun. To ſpeak truth both Maſter and Servant ſometimes

times exhibit no mean Specimens of Ability; I never recollect my own little Addreſs in this Way, without at the ſame Time, recalling to my mind, and applying the celebrated Speech of Cardinal Wolſey "*Oh! had I ſerved my God with half the Zeal I have ſerved my King, he would not thus have deſerted me in mine Age!*" and would young Men take half the Pains to *ſerve*, they do to *injure* themſelves, it would lead them to honourable Diſtinctions in life, preſerve them far out of the reach of thoſe nameleſs heart achs, that from a contrary Conduct, ſo painfully aſſail them; and ſave many from becoming like myſelf *a Fugitive of Folly.*

The Perſon, who *ought* to be firſt informed of the *firſt* Error, and whoſe *Intereſt* it is moſt to guard againſt its Progreſs, is ever the laſt who knows it:—few Parents have the *Prudence* or Generoſity to forgive, and therefore few Sons poſſeſs the Senſe or Fortitude to come forward as they ought with a manly Confeſſion, that, *timely* made, would avert impending Ruin, remove Taint from the mind now gradually imbibing it, and relieve the Parent, from thoſe worſt Pangs that muſt agonize the Breaſt, (if it poſſeſſes feeling)—the Pangs,—of owning an unhappy, wretched Offspring!

One

One imprudent Step imperceptibly leads on to others—indeed, the Conſequences of a firſt Fault, follow like Links in a Chain, and ſeem to have been uniformly fatal from the Time of the primæval fall of our great Anceſtor Adam, down even to that, which I am now lamenting: there is happily however this Difference, that the Benignity of the Deity, accepts Contrition for Attonement, whereas with Tyrant Man, the *firſt* Tranſgreſſion ſeems the very Barrier of Fate,—hanging over his head through every Stage of future Life, like the Sword of Damoclés, an Object of Terror and Puniſhment, as well

as

as of perpetual Memorial, to which *all ſubſequent Acts*, are taught, carry Reference and Reflection. The firſt Fault gives the *Tint* to colour every future Proſpect of Life. There is a little French Novel written expreſsly upon this Subject, entitled "Le Danger d'une Premiere Faute." but it is evidently not dictated by the Impreſſion of *Feeling* or Experience.—Dr. Johnſon, (that Pioneer of Literature) mentions in his life of the unfortunate *Savage*, that it was his Intention to have given to the World, a Work upon the Subject of "The Progreſs or Hiſtory of the Paſſions," and laments that Savage never executed a Taſk, to which

(he

(he ſays) no Man could have been more eminently qualified, and it is in truth a Misfortune, that ſo pregnant and important a Subject ſhould have eluded the Exerciſe of ſo able a Pen—Beſides,

" He beſt could paint them, who had felt them moſt!!"

In ſuch a Work, we ſhould have perceived the *Line*, drawn by the Hand of a Maſter, under the Controul of practical Experience, improved by thoſe powerful, Auxiliaries, Genius and Learning.—We ſhould have ſeen, the niceſt Diſcrimination in the ſeveral intervening

ing Shades, between Vice and Error; the thin Partition that divides the Claſs of Crimes, and the natural Approximation (like the great attracting Power in Nature) between the *firſt* and the *laſt*.

——————Facilis diſcenſus Averni,
Sed revocare Gradum, &c.——————

After paſſing the Frontier Boundary, even of *Punctilio*, every Step accelerates the Rapidity of the Deſcent.

Apropos! of the ill-fated, unfortunate Savage, whom the Pen of Johnſon has

has delighted to immortalize; the Reader of that elegant Piece of Biography, entitled "The Life of Savage" will in a great Meaſure, anticipate mine; to that Publication he is therefore referred, where he will find the moſt *irregular* Diſtreſs of the moſt *eccentric* Mind, and Situations in Life, incurred by the want of thought, and the Precautions of Prudence, that few can conceive, and none but ſuch a Pen as Johnſon's ſo feelingly delineate.—Like him,—it has been too much my Habit to diſregard all Conſiderations that came in Competition with my Paſſions, and to hazard future Advantage for immediate Gratification, neither hope or fear

operating

operating as any Check upon a predominant Inclination.—The ſame Cauſes produce the ſame Effects—like him—It has been the Means of my ſpending great Part of my Life in mean Expedients, and tormenting Suſpenſe, living in conſtant Fear of Perſecution from Creditors, and conſequently ſkulking at different Times in almoſt all parts of London, without having, for any length of time, any ſettled Home—like him—the circumſtances of my Life, have contributed to the Acquiſition of an extenſive Acquaintance with almoſt every Deſcription of People, which under my Circumſtances, has added to the general

Diſſipation

Diſſipation of my Life and Character, and conſequently to its Diſtreſſes.—In this too, there was a Congeniality of Temper as well as Fortune—" that the Diſtraction and Miſery of my Condition never long depreſſed my Gaiety"—I could generally amuſe my Mind with pleaſing Imaginations, and am ſeldom abſolutely miſerable, but under the Preſſure of ſome immediat Misfortune.

The College Debt, it was obſerved, is all this Time going on, and the following is an Outline of its Progreſs!—Notes are given, and afterwards cancelled by freſh ones, which with the

increaſe of additional Intereſt and Premiums, on every Revolution of an expiring Date, (always made at ſhort Periods) ſoon ſwells to a large Amount; the Mind, becoming *in gradual Proportion*, harraſſed, interrupted and uneaſy, and the Conſequence is, an Increaſe, inſtead of a Diminution of Diſſipation and Expence, as well to cheer away the Felon Care, as to purſue Means of Payment, or rather of Procraſtination. Suppoſing, at this time, ſuſpicion to have been momentarily awakened at Home, it is done away, by a round Aſſertion on the Part of the Treſpaſſer, that it is entirely without Foundation,

tion, and as People eaſily believe what they wiſh to be true, the Parent himſelf flatters the Deluſion.—Let it not be forgotten, in the mean Time, that one Falſehood generates a thouſand, and what was but Accident or venial Error at firſt, begins gradually to grow into Vice, and to aſſume a Shape ſomething like Syſtem; certainly, from this Day, without ſome providential Intervention of Circumſtances, the young unwary Paſſenger through Life, is travelling faſt onwards, the Road to Ruin.—In ſaying this I am only retracing my own Footſteps.—

From

From Oxford, my Father ſent me to the Temple, to ſtudy the Law, and my Situation there, was not unlike that ſo feelingly deſcribed by Sir Henry Spelman*, where he laments the Difficulties of a rude, dry, unmethodized Study, to a Beginner, a Youth too, without a Guide, and reſiding in the very Boſom of Allurement and Temptation, where Pleaſure every where invites him with a beckon to Enjoyment—I had the further Drawback of embarraſſed Circum-

* Quoted by Blackſtone in his Treatiſe on the Study of the Law, beginning "Emiſit me Pater ad Londinum, &c."

ſtances

ſtances ſuperadded to my Difficulties: no Wonder, they overwelmed me! The conſequent Diſtraction of Mind they unavoidably introduce, operate to the Interruption of every honorable and wiſe Purſuit of Life—No Study, no Object, can be ſteadily kept in View, till they are removed; that *Tranquillity* ſo neceſſary to the Exertion of Talents is obſcured and broken in upon by the Derangement of our Affairs, which not only harraſſes and diſtracts the Happineſs and Compoſure of the Mind, but operates every way to the diſadvantage of Reputation and the diminution of Confidence. A Man becomes henceforward, not only

ſuſpected by the World, but even loſes Confidence in himſelf: an indiſcribable Gloom and Dread hangs arround him, that in a degree debilitates the Mind, at the ſame Time that it unnerves the Body.—Every good Reſolution is gradually melting away, in the Crucible of Diſtreſs, while a formidable Train of Follies, if not of Vices, are aſſailing the fair, but now diſſoluble Fabric of Integrity.

One misfortune goes the Adage never comes alone.—About this Time my mother died, and with her, fell the fair Fabric of my Fortune.—My Father (who

(who came into the Family of the Thoughtleſſes by Marriage) was ever remarkably ſevere with me, and if Indulgence innervates, it is not leſs true, that Severity checks the beſt Energies of the Soul.—Here the Reader muſt indulge me with a ſhort Digreſſion.

My Father was very fond of many Things beſides his Money, ſuch for Inſtance as *teazing* and *tormenting*, not only the whole Family, but himſelf into the Bargain, and to ſpeak Truth, no Man was ever a greater Adept in the Art.—If the Reader has never ſeen a little Book entitled "The Art

of

of Ingeniouſly Tormenting," I recommend it to his peruſal, particulary as it is my Intention one Day to publiſh an Appendix to it, for which I have ample Materials in my own Family. It is my Father's conſtant Practice when he has no *real* Cauſe of Uneaſineſs, to invent an *imaginary* one, which he contrives to make anſwer the Purpoſe juſt as well. A Man muſt have *ſomething* to do, and my Father having been in full Practice as an ATTORNEY near forty Years, may be ſaid, all his Life, to have had a great deal to do, which adds to the *impoſſibility* of being *idle*.— My Brother "Bobby" is what may be emphatically

emphatically called "his Father's own Child;" he is his Favorite, a ſober Lad that never did any Miſchief in his Life, every Drop of whoſe Blood is as cold as a Frog in the Month of November. Prudence and Propriety charge *him* with no Tranſgreſſions—*nevertheleſs*, even Bobby cannot always eſcape (that is *when my Father has nothing elſe to do*).—"I have," (ſays my Father, ſitting one Day after Dinner in rather a melancholy Mood,) "I have made a very fine Fortune Bob, and ſhould my Children thrive as I have done, my Family will riſe again and be a great People.—That d——d ſpendthrift Dog ("meaning me") ſhan't

have

have a Shilling of it—it ſhall all come to you Bob."—Unluckily *here* jumps up a freak in my Father's Head, that conſtitutes his preſent Miſery.—"Damn it Bob," ſays my Father "why don't you get your Wife with Child!! When Bobby anſwers "I can't Papa!" My Father (who from long Habits of BUSINESS thinks EVERY Thing can be effected by Patience, Œconomy, and INDUSTRY) can never keep his Temper a Moment longer; away flies Paper, Inkſtand, and Caſh-Book, and the Office-experiences all the Convulſion of a Hurricane.

My

My Father, as I obſerved, was never ſo fond of any Thing as his *Money*, and on the Death of my own Mother, the Fountain of Money and Mercy became inſtantly dried up—to me.—To mend the Matter he married again, and the Kindneſs of a Step-mother is proverbial, but ſhe is now dead and *at reſt*, for the firſt Time, and therefore God forbid I ſhould *diſturb* her, which will not I hope be done, by obſerving that to the Hour of her Death, ſhe encreaſed like the Rattle-ſnake in Noiſe and Venom, every Year.

As my Finances declined, my Vivacity and Spirits, ſympathiſed with their Decay, and when once a *Change* begins in any thing

thing, no one can anſwer for its Progreſs. What in my conduct was only *Error* before, was now *Vice*. Every thing looks diſtorted, that is viewed through the optic of *prejudice*. "He is ruined," (ſays my father,) "and the Devil help him, for I won't!"

I would not be underſtood by mentioning *theſe Gentlemen* together, that, therefore, there was any great Intimacy between them, or that becauſe one would not, the other would not, or that if one would, aſſiſtance from the other was unneceſſary—by no Means—it is only a common Expreſſion—when my Father is neither very peaceable nor very angry.

"He

"He has found out," continued my Father, "if not a new Road to Ruin, at leaſt a very ſhort one." This being very true; a word (if you pleaſe;) on the ſubject of the Road to Ruin.

Turnpike Roads, were a few Years ſince unknown, except in the Vicinity of London, the ſober Inhabitants of provincial Townswere content to view the Metropolis once in two or three Years, and then to make a Sort of Voyage of it, in one of thoſe Leathern-Conveniences called a Stage Coach, now denominated, Mails, Diligences, Flies, &c.—The Improvements of modern Times have introduced Turn-

pikes through the remoteſt Parts of the Kingdom, which may at this Day be almoſt ſaid to run on Wheels, and in conſequence of which the Knowledge of the Metropolis is not only become general, and its Vices univerſally circulated, but by the encreaſe of the Metropolis and its almoſt boundleſs influx of Inhabitants, the Vices of the Capital itſelf, have been proportionately enlarged, and *extended* in a degree unknown to our Anceſtors. I myſelf, remember when my Father made his annual Viſit to London,—where the Duties of his Profeſſion called him every Year,—the whole Neighbourhood came to *take their Leave* of him;—for the diſtance is

a full

a full hundred Miles,—and once, he actually went into Wales, and on his Return after an Abſence of ſix long Weeks, was looked upon like another Columbus. Youth formerly, as now, found the Road to Ruin, but in thoſe times there exiſted only a kind of "by Paths," into which the youthful Traveller ſeldom deviated, the *Paucity* of ſuch Inſtances, added to the *Terror* of them, and their *Notoriety*, held them up as Examples to deter; they were abſolutely impervious to the middle and lower Orders of Society; the *Privilege* of Ruin was confined only to the *higher* Claſſes, and a *Degree* of Rank and Faſhion were indiſpenſibly neceſſary to its *Initiation*:—whereas,

there is erected in our days a broad Turnpike to the Road to Ruin *general* throughout the Kingdom, and (as it were to prevent the poſſibility of Miſtake) *Sign poſts*, to point the Way, to *every* Rank of People; hence we ſee few eſcape it, from the Son of the Right Honourable Peer to the Apprentice of a Trade; and from the preſent prevalent Aſſimilation of Manners, the Shades of Diſtinction in Society, are ſo faſt blending, that it may be fairly inferred DISCRIMINATION will ſoon become impoſſible. Like the Colours of a Rainbow, it is difficult to ſay where the one begins or the other ends; they are indeed different, but are all equally blend-

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ed and brilliant. In the Rage of Folly and Extravagance, the Son of the Mechanic even Occaſionally ſurpaſſes the offpring of Nobility. Where is the Diſtinction in Dreſs, Habits of Life and Manners, between the one and the other? Who, for Inſtance, is to know the Son of Mr. H———, the Coach-builder, from Sir John L———; or to aſcend a higher Scale of Compariſon.—The Money-lending, brokering, gigg-driving, duelling Attorney Mr. A——, (in his Appearance) from one of the Princes?

The Diſtinctions of Family and Rank are at an end, and the Plan of all modern Education

Education ſo little diſſimilar, that Manners are the ſame—Money is all—Wealth now brings a Man into Parliament, and the only difference is, he who formerly ſold *Wines*, now ſells *Votes*. Mr. S—— who was a Waiter, is as much reſpected, as well received, and far ſurpaſſes in Splendor of Living, Lord Loughborough, who is a Chief Juſtice, and a Peer of the Realm *.

Armſtrong, the Sheriff's Officer, (a *Bum*-Bailiff,) has a Country-Seat cloſe

* Mr. Fox's Pun on Mr. Wedderburn's (now Lord L.) vacating his Seat becauſe he would not ſit with the former Gentleman is well known.—They were both (he ſaid) called to the Bar!!

adjoining

adjoining that of Judge Buller, comparatively as much larger than the Judge's, as a Judge's full dreſs'd Wig is to a modern Crop Head of Hair.

Formerly (ſays the ingenious Author of that juſtly celebrated Comedy, the School for Scandal) Servants were content to put on their Maſter's Cloaths and Follies when the latter put them off, and when they were a good deal worn; at preſent they take them new and with their full Gloſs upon them. The Son of a Taylor runs the ſame Race, and makes the ſame *Racket* as the Son of a Secretary of State, and is generally diſhed or diſtanced at the ſame time and in the

the ſame Way.—They become *Fugitives of Folly* together.—When abroad, it is difficult to diſtinguiſh them, till the Father's conſpicuous *WHEREAS* in the Gazette blows the Secret.

When Innovation once begins, the wiſeſt of Mankind cannot divine its End, witneſs the late Revolution of France.—It changes even Words as well as Manners.—Swindling, is a word, for Inſtance, of modern Invention, the Meaning of which was twenty Years ago, abſolutely unknown, it is now, however, adopted into our Vocabularies, and few Words are better underſtood. The Practice of it,

it, is reduced to Syſtem and conducted by it's Agents with all the Regularity of a Buſineſs or Profeſſion,—as much Subordination and Attention to Parts is obſerved as in the Army or Navy, and it is melancholy to add, that its Profeſſors are now almoſt as numerous, and compoſed of as many and various Claſſes of Society, from the Peer to the Beggar. Some noble Lords and many vagabond Squires, are acknowledged Members of the Fraternity, and are content in acting Parts extremely ſubordinate.—Is it not a Shame, a national Diſgrace, that the Society denominated "The Society for Protection of Trade againſt Sharpers and Swindlers,"

Swindlers," who certainly know *theſe Characters* from Piccadilly, P——— the Gambler, Lottery Office-Keeper, Money-Lender, and General of the ſwindling Forces of the Kingdom, down to N—— the Jew Money-Lender, advertiſing Place Vender and Bill Stealer, ſhould not publiſh their Names at full length, with Characteriſtics and Cautions to that Public they injure?—Is it not a national Diſgrace, that *ſuch Characters* ſhould be ſuffered to aſſociate with the firſt People of the Kingdom, not Princes excepted, participating in their Pleaſures and mixing even in their private Parties?—Is it not a crying Evil that the great Council of

the

the Nation, the Parliament of England, do not adopt Meaſures to extirpate or at leaſt ſtamp on them ſome Mark of notorious Infamy? How is Innocence ſecure or Character of Conſequence, if theſe Harpies are permitted to live in Security and even occupy the firſt Stations in Society? Is it not putting the Peer and the Pickpocket upon a Level? Where is the Pride of Birth, Talents and Rank, if Reptiles like theſe, are permitted to ſurpaſs in Splendor and ſanctioned in the Boſom of the firſt Perſonages of the Kingdom.—Governor Phillips, in his laſt diſpatches from Botany Bay, has told us that Men, capable of acting in the Cha-

racter

racter of *Magiſtrates*, are much wanted. In the Name of Heaven let them be diſpatched thither! and if they muſt make a Figure in Life, let it be in another Hemiſphere! Ignorauce can by no means be pleaded as an Excuſe for this miſtaken Lenity, ſince they ſufficiently proclaim themſelves and their Importance by their Stile of living, their Town and Country Houſes, Side Boards of Plate, Entertainments, Equipages, Servants &c. &c. rivalling in Expenditure the firſt Duke in England.—It is the Boaſt of many, that none can keep Pace with them in Expence, ſome of the *higher Order* being able to afford occaſionally

ſionally the Profuſion of two or three thouſand Pounds *per Week*—and no Wonder, ſince their Gains are often as much *per Night*.—I call upon the ſecond and third Characters in the Kingdom, and half the Race of the preſent Nobility, in proof of my Aſſertion, and demand, (if *ſuch Characters* are to be tolerated in their Depredations), of what avail is the Law of the Land, the Conſtitution or the Security and Freedom of the Britiſh ſubject, ſo much the Subject of Boaſt and Admiration?

It is notorious, (as has been obſerved), that they conduct their Affairs

ſyſtematically, having their Heads, their public and private Meetings, their Agents, under Agents, and Secretaries every where diſperſed through the Kingdom.—They have their regular Counſel and Attornies, like incorporated and chartered Companies—and take the Field ſingly and collectively in every variety of Character, as Bankers, Merchants, Lottery Office Keepers, Tradeſmen, Dealers by Wholeſale and Retail, from Pickpockets at the Gaming-Table to Pickpockets in the ſtreet, each, acting in ſtrict Subordination, and tributary in Aid and Correſpondence to their reſpective Chiefs, Ignatius Loyala never

never eſtabliſhed a ſtricter Diſcipline among the famed Society of the Jeſuits. They have regular mercantile Houſes in London, with the moſt extenſive Correſpondence in all Parts abroad, from whom *Characters* are given, when *Suſpicion* happens to alight on any Individual of their Company, and whoſe *Reſponſibility* (from Appearances) it is impoſſible to doubt. They carry on Buſineſs with the ſtricteſt Punctuality of Payment for three or four Years, and when a conſiderable Credit has been eſtabliſhed, *the Stroke* is made, and the Houſe appears Bank-

rupt in the public Papers for fifty or ſixty thouſand Pounds or more, and Matters are ſo *neatly* managed that nothing more remains for the Creditor than juſt ſufficient to pay the Charges of the Commiſſion which indeed are pretty heavy, the Attorney to the Commiſſion being always in the Secret.

The whole being Matter of Syſtem, long concerted, a Certificate is colluſively obtained of courſe, and after a few Months (ſpent perhaps in a pleaſant Excurſion upon the Continent) the Bankrupt Adventurer, ſtarts again, clear of

of the World, and with a very conſiderable Fortune, the Profit of his iniquitous illicit Trade. An impartial Hiſtory of the Bankruptcies of the laſt twenty Years, would exhibit a Scene to aſtoniſh the World. Why do not thoſe conſpicuous Characters Meſſrs. H——— and P——— favor the World with the Hiſtory of *their* Experience in theſe Scenes?

I have ſaid theſe *confederated* Swindlers have their Emiſſaries and Spies.—It is a Fact that no young Man of Family or Fortune quits College, or enters in any way upon the Theatre of

Life, but Notice is diſpatched to one or other of the Party—Adequate Rewards are paid for the Information, and greater, for thoſe who poſſeſs the Addreſs to lead them into their Toils.—The wild Elephant is caught only by the tame one, and ruined Youths who once boaſted Character, Family, and Fortune (now trammelled in their Toils) are frequently engaged in theſe baſe Services, and paid for leading others to that Ruin, they have themſelves experienced by the ſame means.

Depredators, like theſe, in every other civilized Part of the Globe are guarded

guarded againſt and reſtricted, and indeed conſidered the great Objects of Police.—In France, Flanders, and Holland, every Stranger, and indeed every Perſon (indiſcriminately) on firſt fixing or changing his Reſidence, is obliged to give his Name, a Deſcription of his Perſon, Age, Family, Fortune, and Buſineſs, Profeſſion, or Means by which he lives, to the Municipality or Section (Pariſh) in which he dwells, and if Circumſtances ſhould not appear to correſpond with the Repreſentation given, Report is inſtantly made,—beſides, that *Notoriety* of Character operates to prevent thouſands

ſands of thoſe little ſwindling Feats, generated by Privacy and Concealment.—Why is not ſome ſuch Plan adopted in London?. Merchants and Tradeſmen have been paying handſomely ſome Years for doing nothing; why do they not empower ſome qualified Perſon to draw up ſome Plan ſimilar to that of other Countries and ſee it carried ſpiritedly into Execution? It would ſave many young Men of Family, many honeſt Tradeſmen from Ruin.—Many, from the Gallows—It would thin our Goals, avowedly more numerous and crowded than thoſe of all Europe beſides.—Some Impoſition

too

too of wholeſome Limitations on the thoughtleſs Extravagance of Youth would benefit the Community.

Either the Evil complained of, does exiſt or it does not.—If it does not—Why are there comparatively ſo few Executions and ſuch a paucity of Priſoners for Debt in every other Part of Europe, in Compariſon with thoſe in England? Where are there ſo many fraudulent Bankruptcies, ſo many profligate Debtors as in England? And where is the *real unfortunate* Debtor ſo hardly treated as in England?—

If

If the Evil does exiſt, Why is it not remedied?

Let the Laws of Debtor and Creditor with reſpect to Arreſt be regulated upon Principles of equal Juſtice and Humanity, and half the Evil is cured.—Without entering minutely into the queſtion, it is agreed on all hands, that they are, in their preſent State, both *impolitic* and *unjuſt!*

Let the Judges be ſtrict in enquiring into the Character and Conduct of all practiſing Attornies, and be more cautious in thoſe they admit upon the Roll,

Roll, and require not only Teſtimonials, of Character, but ſome Proof of Claſſical and Profeſſional Ability.—The Admiſſion of *improper* Characters into the Profeſſion, has been one great Source of the Evil complained of, and no wonder, ſince it is notorious that even common Servants and hackney Writers get themſelves enrolled Attornies,—who ſo far from having the leaſt ſmattering of claſſical Learning, cannot ſpell a Word of two Syllables, and hardly write it.

Let rigid Enquiry take Place in the Caſe of Bankruptcies,—puniſh the fraudulent

lent, but liberate and protect the honeſt Unfortunate.

Let a Correſpondence be eſtabliſhed in every capital Town of the Kingdom, with *one Office* in London, ſo that Notice of any *ſuſpicious Character* may be inſtantly tranſmitted there.

In all Caſes of Fraud, let the Coſt of Proſecution, be at the Expence of the Public, and not of the Individual, AND upon Conviction, let the Name and Circumſtances be publiſhed in an alphabetical Regiſter to be monthly circulated gratis through the Kingdom,—ſomething like the Bow-Street Liſt.

Tax

Tax every Species of Gaming heavily, ſo that if the Evil muſt exiſt, let it be tributary to the Eaſe of public Burdens.

Let Inſpectors be appointed over the public Prints, or make the Proprietors reſponſible, ſo as to require Security to be given in all Caſes of *ſuſpicious* Advertiſements, ſuch as Money and other Advertiſements (without any appropriate Name or Deſcription, but which are known as ſoon as ſeen.)—Many live in London by *experimental* Advertiſements, and the Hiſtory of them for the laſt twenty Years, would be another Publication equally intereſting and uſeful.—Let one

Inſtance out of a thouſand, ſuffice.—A Perſon advertiſes to diſpoſe of a Place, to which he pretends having the Power o Appointment, and the ſame Perſon at the ſame time, (but in another Paper) advertiſes a Sum of Money ready for ſuch a Place, as he thinks will anſwer his Purpoſe.—*Theſe* produce Applications from *both* Parties, the Party wanting to buy and the Party wanting to ſell, and though *ſometimes* a fair *bona fide* Contract and Sale accidentally takes place, yet in nineteen Caſes in twenty the whole is a Fiction, which ſerves as a Cloak to cover many Frauds, and to anſwer the Adverti ſer's Purpoſe in touching numerous Douceurs

ceurs and Fees from *both* Deſcription of Applicants, which are generally numerous. There exiſts a Man at preſent well known in Town, who lives ſplendidly, with Town and Country houſe, Garriages &c. by this Practice only, and has done ſo theſe twenty Years.—In ſhort the Schemes carried on by means of Advertiſements, are endleſs.—

Laſtly, let Protection and Encouragement be held out to Informers againſt Confederates of the Gaming Tables,—pretended Money-lenders—and every Claſs of Swindlers, and thus they will ſoon diſcover the Frauds and Artifices of the Day, and the Individuals that

practice them.—By this means, from the *dread* of Detection and the *Certainty* of their Names being publicly expoſed, Recourſe will be had to other more reputable means of Subſiſtence.—

This Digreſſion will, it is hoped, carry with it an Apology.—Now, to reſume my Narrative.—

A Life of modern Diſſipation, (ſuppoſing a young Man's Conduct at the Outſet nothing very irregular,) quickly enough generates the Want of Money.—Raw, raſh and inexperienced, with a Mind unimpregnated by Caution, let us ſuppoſe him

him mixing indiſcriminately with every Rank of miſcellaneous Society on a Race Ground, where the Plan of modern Manners, and the looſeneſs of modern Education is moſt likely to invite him.—Let us ſuppoſe him to have loſt his fifty Pounds.—The bewitching Charms of Women and the Smiles of Burgundy inflame his Appetite for Pleaſure, and with wants ſuddenly multiplied, let us obſerve him, caſually taking up his Reſidence at a Coffee-houſe in Town, or let us imagine him, from ſome Cauſe or other, in Want of Money.—The firſt Thing that preſents itſelf to his Eyes is a *Newſpaper*.—

A *modern Newſpaper* is not like one of thoſe old faſhioned Vehicles of Intelligence formerly denominated a *Gazette*, the dull Chronicle of the Times, and a faithful Relation of remarkable domeſtic Occurrences.— It is the *Mirror* of the Age, and one of it's moſt extraordinary Characteriſtics is, *that it holds out Remedies for every thing;* independent of the numerous medicinal Aids, for every poſſible Diſorder incident to the human Body, the Miſtreſs who wants a Keeper, the pregnant Lady, who wants to lie in ſecretly, the Wife who is deſirous of leaving a Huſband, or the unmarried to find one, is here inſtructed in the Way

to

to ſatisfy their reſpective Wiſhes.—Curacies, Cellars, Benefices and Bagnios, are advertiſed together for Hire or Sale, and even a Seat in the Houſe of Commons, at a fixed Price,—through the Channel of a modern Newſpaper.—Above all,—Thoſe who want Money, are preſſingly invited to Relief. Let thoſe who have known the Curſe of wanting Money as well as the Pleaſure of touching it, after long and fruitleſs Solicitude, judge (for no one elſe can) the Joy it gives to ſee one of Mr. R———'s or Meſſrs. T———'s and K———'s Advertiſements in the Front of the Paper inſcribed in Capitals, MONEY TO LEND—Or—MONEY INSTANTLY ADVANCED

VANCED TO ANY AMOUNT and YOUNG GENTLEMEN &c. not only liberally promiſed it, but, with the UTMOST HONOUR SECRECY AND EXPEDITION.—He takes an additional Bottle on the Strength of it; reads it over a thouſand Times.—Nothing can be more plain or fair.—He can now inſtantly borrow a few hundreds or perhaps a thouſand.—What ſignifies a little Intereſt, he can pay it at any Time, and the whole Affair is tranſacted with the utmoſt Honour and *Secrecy*: no one knows of it—this Night perhaps, for the firſt a long Time, he ſleeps undiſturbed by Dreams, or forgetting the inceſſant Clamour of his Duns, dreams only of

Happineſs

Happineſs, Pleaſure and Eaſe.—The very next Day, the faithful Servant, (the Confident of all his Maſter's Secrets) is diſpatched with a Letter on the important Buſineſs, in which he *wiſely* communicates his Name, Addreſs, Connections, Expectations &c.—*Theſe* are in the Interval carefully inveſtigated, and being found true as repreſented, an Interview is on the third Day appointed in the *Evening —at the Adverti ſer's own Houſe.*—

Had I Fielding's Pen to develope the Scenes of active Life, the Artifices of theſe MEN EATERS, ſhould be here ably depicted! With ſuch as I poſſeſs, and as well

well as I can make it ſpeak, take it my young Countrymen, and may it preſerve you from the Snares that have ruined many, and among the reſt, *him*, who is now warning you againſt the Danger inſeparably connected with ſuch an Aſſociation. The Veil however that covers their iniquitous practices is of a thin Texture, and eaſily rent, permit me to ſhew you through the *Aperture*, the Deception it conceals.

The Advertiſer's Houſe, is generally a ready-furniſhed one and ſplendid, the Hall is well lighted up, and Servants in profuſion, purpoſely dreſſed, open the Door—

Door—the deſtined *Victim* is conducted through many Rooms, exhibiting an Appearance of Clerks, and Buſineſs, and the Room appointed for him to reſt in, is richly decorated with a Side-board, which though plated, the Eye does not diſtinguiſh; Clerks are perpetually running backwards and forwards with Letters, announcing the Names of different Noblemen, who are pompouſly deſired to wait, when in fact the whole is a Deluſion, no ſuch Perſons being known to them but by Name. He, enters almoſt trembling with Diffidence, conſcious of being about to do ſomething improper, and impreſſed with exalted Ideas of the Wealth and

Conſequence

Conſequence of the Perſon he is about to addreſs,—Add to this, that a certain LITTLENESS (indiſcribable indeed, but perfectly ſenſible to Feeling) hangs about the Breaſt of every one, who aſks the Loan of Money;—Never was there more Truth in a Proverb, than in that which announces Miſery to the Borrower.—The whole Narrative is now gone through and Money talked of, by the Advertiſer, as if Mountains of it were at his Command.—*Hundreds* are nothing, if *Thouſands* indeed were wanted, it might be an Object.—The golden Apples of the Heſperides are hung full in View, to invite the Touch, but it is ſome time before it is

permitted

permitted to handle any of them.—They are ſuffered to hang in view but to elude the Graſp, and like the deluſive Waters that tormented Tantalus, ſerve only to provoke Thirſt inſtead of quenching it.—The Youth however finding himſelf *ſo kindly* treated, and being moreover flattered into the Belief of a *Conſequence*, which he very properly never conceived to have belonged to him, returns home in a Delirium of Joy, leaving Bills behind him, to the Amount perhaps of three or four hundred pounds at very ſhort dates—(ſix Weeks or two Months) for

which he is desired to call in a day or two and receive the Produce.

In the course of Conversation the unguarded Boy has dropped the Name of his Father's Banker, and perhaps the principal Tradesmen in the Neighbourhood, and these Bills are instantly done or discounted in one or other of these *very* Places, on the Credit of his own Name only, or rather that of his Family. The young Gentleman calls at the time appointed, and takes a Horse and Chaise, a Ring, a Gold Watch or some expensive Bauble, one or all of them, at an exhorbitant Price, being

being more than double their value, which it is obſerved are juſt the ſame as Caſh, for they are Things e poſitively wants, and cannot or ſhould not do without.—They are abſolutely Appendages of the Gentleman, and none but ſuch a niggardly old Hunks as his Father (who does not know the value of ſuch a Son) would deny him. The *Remainder* he receives in Caſh, after deducting five per Cent. (i. e.) *per Annum*,—but that is a Trifle—not worth Notice (though ſuppoſing the Bill or Bills to have been drawn at two Months, that alone is thirty per. Cent.)

The Way to get Money being ſo extremely eaſy, it is nonſenſe to think of *contracting* Expences,—no! that would be a ſneaking Buſineſs—he is invited to enlarge them, and to do him Juſtice, ſeldom fails accepting the Invitation. The firſt Set of Bills become due of courſe without any Proviſion being made for the Payment of them.—The Hours, (when the young Heart flutters with Felicity,) fly ſpeedily away, and the Morning comes, but *not with healing under his Wings.* He receives Notice "that the Bills are due," and is reſpectfully informed "that as it might not be *perfectly* convenient to pay

pay them *exactly* at the Day," his good-natured, new acquired Friend, offers *his* Aſſiſtance, not only to take them up, but to aſſiſt him further *ſhould it be neceſſary.* A Hint is enough—it is a d——d good-natured Action "that's the Truth,"—and further Accommodation is not only deſired, but become abſolutely neceſſary, and what ſignifies? —It is only "ſigning his Name," and nothing is more eaſy—when once a a man knows how to write.—It is an hundred to one too, but he is flattered into a Belief that he ſigns his Name in a manner peculiarly graceful

and may be known for a Man of Faſhion only by his Signature.

The ſecond Interview of *Buſineſs*, now takes place,—The ſame Parade, the ſame Affectation of Splendor is every where viſible, but there is alſo *far greater familiarity* and if poſſible groſſer Flattery.—After a Load of ignominious Epithets upon that Character, which the Law of Nature points out as the moſt ſacred, he is addreſſed ſomething in this Stile.

" My dear Fellow! pardon my *Hint*, but Men of Buſineſs contract unfaſhionable

able Habits. The old Scoundrel I thought might not bleed freely at the moment, and a Wiſh to ſerve ſo fine a young Fellow induced me to make a *Tendre* of my Services—Nothing elſe.—The Devil blow me, my dear Fellow! if I ever knew a Pleaſure equal to that of ſerving my Friends,—*My* Services you may command!!"

Chit chat Converſation, now follows of courſe, in which the *neceſſary Enquiries* are made with the moſt conſummate Art, but this is the Climax, with which it ends. "I am heartily chagrined I cannot give you the Money

ney myſelf, but a d——d Run of ill Luck at the Faro Table, puts it out of my Power, my *Name* however is at your Service; I will indorſe your Bills, and WE muſt endeavor to get them diſcounted.—Money, however, is uncommonly hard to be got."—This unexpected Declaration comes like a Thunderclap and naturally produces a ſuſpenſive pauſe of Reflection, the Countenance of the youthful Borrower imbibes a Portion of involuntary gloom, which however is no ſooner perceived than diſſipated, by the moſt hearty aſſurances of the Advertiſer's Aſſiſtance. In a Word, the young Gentleman now

writes

writes again for double the Sum, or perhaps for a thouſand, which it is odds, but the advertiſing Money-lender diſcounts in the ſame Way as the former (i. e.) among the Connections of the Borrower, who when he comes, however, in Expectation of receiving the Money *as before*, is ſure to meet *the firſt Advances of Diſappointment*, and it is now that the Arts of *Procraſtination* begin.

Every poſſible Excuſe is given to juſtify delay, till Credulity on one ſide, and Falſehood on the other is exhauſted. In proportion as the Youth finds himſelf

himſelf involved, his Fears of Diſcovery increaſe, and to complete his Miſery (when irretrievably in the Money-lender's Power) he is bluntly told "that no Money can be had for his Bills."—Humiliation and Submiſſion is all that is left him, and it is too late and too dangerous to complain, much more to threaten, for if he does, the whole is detected, and then Ruin, (he thinks,) muſt follow; if, ſays the trembling offender, I dare not inform my Father when I owed only two or three hundred pounds how much leſs dare I now, that my Debts are a couple of Thouſands! The good Money-lender

is

is however at length prevailed upon, *from Motives of the pureſt Friendſhip*, to do SOMETHING with them, and though he has himſelf received the whole in Caſh, he pretends (after a few days longer delay, when half the date of the Bill is expired) to have diſcounted them, with infinite Difficulty, in GOODS, which GOODS when ſold, and Intereſt, Brokerage, and Commiſſion, with nameleſs Charges, are deducted, do little more than cancel the *firſt* Debt, ſeldom yielding more than *half*.—The Pungency of Neceſſity makes the youth eager to catch at any Twig (however ſlender) to ſave himſelf, but it is unhappil

pily ſuch a one as generally breaks on the ſmalleſt Preſſure.

Become now almoſt deſperate, he is by various Artifices, inebriated and ſeduced to a Gaming Table, (kept in the ſame Channel of Connection) where his Loſſes are heavy of courſe, and (as *this* Secret muſt be kept like the reſt) after ſubmitting to be bullied out of Payment of Part, and a very ſmall Part in ready Money, for which he ſacrifices his monthly or quarterly Allowance, which is neceſſary (and the Parent ſuppoſes) applied to other Purpoſes;——the Remainder is paid in

in Bills, Bonds or any other Security required.

The Load of Debt is now ſwelled beyond all Hopes of Payment.—Death alone, it ſhould ſeem, can befriend him.—Calculations begin to be made on Lives, and if any Title-deeds can be found to ſhew an Intereſt in Remainder or Reverſion, they go of courſe the ſame Way for almoſt nothing.—His own Life is next inſured and two or three Annuities are done upon him, for which (after deducting the uſual Charges and Impoſitions) not more than two Years Purchaſe is re-

ceived, and if there is ſome *dexterity* uſed (which in fact is ſeldom wanted) to inculcate a Belief in the Lender that the OLD GENTLEMAN *can't live long*, Poſt Obits follow, at little more than the Expence of Paper and Stamps.

Here the Clouds begin to blacken that portend the approaching Storm, here commences real Trouble and ſerious Affliction, of which, Words are inadequate to the Deſcription.—When Sorrows come (ſays Hamlet,) they come not ſingle, but in Battalions.

The

The Maſk has now fallen off from the Money-lender—but it is too late; A cloſer Intimacy hereafter *neceſſarily* ſucceeds between them, and EVERY STRATAGEM is put in practice to borrow Money on their joint Names by Bill, Bond, and Annuity—in ſhort, by any Means.—The Pittance received from his Securities, through the Medium of Goods, is divided between them, and even that ſmall Portion, waſted in numerous and fruitleſs Attendances. Moreover, that *perſonal Credit* (of which he was unconſcious at the time he poſſeſſed it) is gone; and now, flying in deſpair to the Banker or Family

Tradeſman in hopes of Relief from that quarter, he finds theſe very People, his Creditors and the Holders of his Bills.

Something muſt yet be done, and every Thing he thinks better than diſcovery.—More Bills continue to be done, with Pawnbrokers and Jews for any Goods that can be got, and when they will no longer paſs for the better Articles of Merchandize, ſuch as Linen— Silk Stockings— Cloth— Furniture —Brandy and Plate—I have actually known them diſcounted in old plated Candleſticks,—Old Books,—Pictures and Birmingham

Birmingham Half-pence.*— Blubber,— Whalebone— and old Hay, are very excellent Articles in the Diſcounter's Catalogue. The Pictures in the *School for Scandal* and *the Minor* are Pictures of real Life, in daily practice.

A faithful Delineation of the Arts of Money-lenders would require a Volume inſtead of a few ſcanty Pages.

* I know a young Gentleman now abroad in Conſequence of Irregularities of this Sort, who has had his Bills diſcounted at different times *in all theſe Articles*, and it was once actually *(propoſed to him, but declined,)* to do a Bill for one hundred and fifty pounds in Gingerbread, Cuſtards, and Cheeſecakes.

The ſlighteſt Connection with this Deſcription of Men generally terminates in the Ruin, both of Character and Fortune.—When once a young Man is involved with them, the *Means* of Extrication, become almoſt impoſſible, ſo much is he ſubjected to their Power. —The Terrors of a Goal, the Want of Bread, and perhaps a criminal Proſecution (for ſome unguarded Act) is ſuſpended over his Head, and held up in terrorem to induce a ready Compliance with their Demands. It is obſervable too that being always in League with ſome of the worſt but ableſt Men of the Profeſſion of the Law,

Law, they can very eaſily execute their threats. Theſe unhappy young Men, after the total Diſſipation of their Fortune, and the Deſtruction of their Character are often *obliged* to indorſe *any* Bills of Accommodation, that may paſs through the Money-Lender's Hands, or to act as Drawers, Acceptors or Indorſers, as beſt ſuits the Neceſſity of the Caſe, and are frequently glad to receive a Compliment of five Guineas, for putting their Names on Bills to the Amount of as many thouſand pounds. —They are retained as *Decoy Ducks* and their *Exploits* may be traced in public Advertiſements *with Offers of advantageous*

advantageons Partnerſhips—To join other young Men of Faſhion in raiſing Loans—Exchange of Bills—Intereſt to procure Appointments to lucrative Places, &c. &c. &c.

Tradeſmen are firſt led into the Practice of diſcounting Bills from Motives of Avarice, as by this Means they ſell what they could not otherwiſe diſpoſe of at an advanced Price, but it is obſervable, that all who are in habits of diſcounting *Accommodation* Bills, (even thoſe who do them in what is called the *fair* Way, i. e. giving ſomething like Value, two thirds perhaps,) ALL, except the old experienced advertiſing

advertiſing Money-Lenders are ultimately ruined. The Roguery of this Buſineſs is evident from the Enormity of the Sums they annually expend in public Advertiſements, and from the frequency of their Bankruptcies; ſome of them are five or ſix times Bankrupt in the courſe of a few Years under the Denomination of *Dealers* and *Chapmen*.—The ruined Tradeſmen afterwards joins to bait the Trap, and ruins others, as he has been himſelf ruined. He is made the ſource of Reference for Characters to other Tradeſmen, by means of which Goods are taken up, Bills diſcounted, and thouſands

thouſands of petty Frauds daily perpetuated with Impunity both at home and abroad.—But to purſue the Delineation of, *the Road to Ruin.*—Bills now more frequently becoming due, and the Arts of Procraſtination being exhauſted, other *Harpies* are applied to, called *Attornies*, who quickly introduce to his Acquaintance thoſe *carnivorous** Sinners denominated Bailiffs, and by aid of their reciprocal good

* For an Account of ſome of the Tricks of theſe Gentry the Reader is referred to Holloway's Letter to Wilkes upon this Subject, publiſhed in the Year 1771.

Offices,

Offices, the laſt Scene is faſt accelerating to conclude the Tragedy. It ſeems as if the youthful Victim was only begotten to be devoured.—Theſe Cannibals ſeize the *remnant* Prey, and gloat over the unnatural Repaſt with an appetite that is inſatiable.

The Enormity and Injuſtice of the Attorney's Charges give the finiſhing ſtroke, it being no uncommon Practice to put as many Names as poſſible in the Writ, (having previouſly put as many *friendly* Indorſers on the Bill) with the ſole View of ſwelling the Expence; for no one of them is arreſted

ed or held to Bail, but the *ſingle Victim* marked out to be devoured, *who pays for the whole.* I ſpeak of Practices I know, and BURN with Indignation as I relate them.

The Meaſure of Miſery is now filling to the Brim, the unhappy Youth becomes the Prey of Anxiety and ceaſeleſs corroding Care, moſt ſeverely experiencing the Effect of that heavieſt Loſs, the Loſs of Character and conſequent deſertion of his Friends, even his *Swallow* Friends; for it is obſervable, that theſe Men like the Foreſt-deer avoid their bleeding Comrade—

rade.—When *done up* (as the Phraſe is) none will aſſociate with him—he is on the contrary every where regarded with the averted Eye of Contempt, and even his Confederates in Evil are the firſt to ſlander and aſperſe him, while he is left alas! without any means to repel their Shafts or depricate their Influence, and hourly expoſed to the Pangs of Inſult and Neglect.—The proud Man's Contumely and the Malignity of Ignorance, (ſays Smollet very juſtly,) are bitter Ingredients in any Cup, but particularly in his, whoſe only alternative is, to ſwallow or to ſtarve!—It is in vain he looks for Aſſiſtance to Relations or Friends—he

has none.—That *timid Prudence* which prevails in moſt Families againſt aſſiſting any unfortunate Individual of it, precludes him every Hope of Relief.—What *then* is his Situation? judge ye who have felt it deſcribe it who can! I, for my Part, relinguiſh the Taſk as impoſſible. There are Agitations of the Mind that will not be reduced to the Regularity of Thought, and which Words cannot therefore convey.

This Scheme of RANDOM Life ſometimes exiſts four or five Years, though it generally terminates in the ſecond.—The Adverſtiſer perhaps elopes, with the Bills

Bills, with which he is entruſted to diſcount *in the firſt Inſtance*, they are indorſed over, and not a Shilling Conſideration ever given for them.—Thus his Name gets upon Town, and his Buſineſs is ſoon diſpatched.—But the longer the Scene continues, the more deſperate and incurable is the Diſeaſe. The Procraſtination of ſuch a Life of Miſery is purchaſed at the deareſt Rate; I have known a Man, who, by bribing an Officer of the Sheriff to go round to other Officers and get up whatever Writs were againſt him in their own Hands, ſo that *all* being *in one Hand*, and *that one* extravagantly paid for keeping out of his Way, ſtaid in London ſeveral

Years after his Ruin had been completed.—But the Race uſually terminates by a ſhorter Courſe,—The Servant is at length detected by the Parent—private Information is given—Letters are intercepted, (which from the Similitude of Names it is really aſtoniſhing does not happen oftener,) or the young Gentleman is arreſted and his Abſence cannot be ſatisfactorily accounted for.—Then and not till then.—THE WHOLE COMES OUT—*Hic Labor hoc opus eſt.*—The aſtoniſhed Parent, who perhaps prided himſelf in his *prudent* Son, finding how *wonderfully* he has been deceived, his Reſentment very naturally follows. Irritated by

Vexation

Vexation and Diſappointment, and fearful perhaps leſt a Degree of *Ridicule* ſhould attach to the *Dexterity* with which he has been tricked, a Severity of Treatment follows proportioned to his former Kindneſs, and the Parent becomes in Enmity as keen as he was before warm in Friendſhip.—" Right too rigid, hardens into Wrong."—Groſs Language follows, termed the Language of " Conſideration"—Conſideration however aſſumes not angelic Form *, on the Contrary all is Violence and Rage.—In the alluded

* And Conſideration like an Angel came.
Shakeſpear.

Inſtance here narrated.—Paſſion burſt the following Sentiment of Lear.

"Here I diſclaim paternal Care,
Propinquity and Property of Blood,
And as a Stranger to my Heart
Hold thee for Ever!"

Should the feelings of Nature even recoil, and again *in a Degree* reſume their Seat, round the Heart, the *Change* is not to be conceived.—The Gates of Paradiſe are ſhut, and to carry on the Alluſion, he is ſent to wander in the *Field* and no longer admitted to the *Garden* where every thing was *abundant* and grew as it were *ſpontaneouſly*.—Even *Favours* are

to

to be adminiſtered hereafter as *Curſes*.—He whoſe Care it ſhould be to bring the ſtray Sheep to the Fold, to win it back by Kindneſs, and throw a protecting Veil over its Shame, is the firſt to *publiſh*, and aggravate his Miſconduct and Miſfortune, and when once the Parent's Door is ſhut, the mercileſs World readily follows the Example.—The unfortunate Outcaſt becomes *in turn* the injured Object.—

That Welfare Nature had deſtined the Parent to *protect*, is now (from the Effect of Rage and Diſappointment) to be *betrayed*, and thoſe future Hours of his Life

Life darkened and imbittered, that might otherwiſe have been ſpent in Tranquillity and Happineſs, with Credit to himſelf, and Advantage to his Family; and thus a Life that firſt promiſed the faireſt Ending, becomes the moſt wretched in the Catalogue of human Exiſtence.—Like a Sun-beam obſcured by a watry Cloud, which at the outſet promiſed the Proſpect of the brighteſt Day, deceives Expectation, and terminates in Wind and Rain.

Thoſe who have been moſt ſucceſsful in the Race of Life, are ever the moſt backward to make allowance for the

the Want of Succeſs in others.—Proſperity has a Tendency to render the Heart obdurate and corrupt—Men know not how to pity thoſe miſeries, they have not been accuſtomed to feel, and are generally inexorable againſt failings from which they are themſelves exempt.—Beſides—*Conſcience* grows tender from Uſe, as the Temper becomes irritable with Age, and the ſmalleſt *Errors* of Youth are in conſequence magnified into Crimes.—Let a young Man do any Thing uncommon—the Old—(Men of the World)—immediately pronounce him out of his Senſes.—Are they remarkable for Sobriety, they avoid

the

the Man exhilarated by Wine: are they parſimonious (and Avarice is as natural to old Age as grey Hairs) they deteſt the Extravagant, and in the Hour of his Difficulties paſs on the other ſide of him, like the Prieſt, and like the Phariſee, thanking God *they are not as one of theſe!*

It ought never to be forgotten, although in the Hour of Misfortune it is ſeldom remembered, that the Tale of Diſhonor is often levelled againſt the Innocent, *from a covert Way*, that even Innocence cannot refute.—Many Circumſtances attend numerous Actions of a Man's

a Man's Life, that can never come to the Knowledge of the World, yet ought to be both known and weighed before they can juſtly be condemned, but unfortunately the Conduct of a Man's Life is made the Means of Judging, *any particular Act of it*;*— No ill is believed againſt him of whom

* This Paſſage ſtriking the Author of this little Work, as being ſtrictly applicable to his own Circumſtances and Situation, was ſome years back tranſcribed from ſome printed Book into his Common Place Book, but from what Work is now forgotten—from whence it found a Place here.—The ſame may (perhaps) be the caſe, with ſome few other Paſſages in the courſe of the Volume, without any intentional Plagiariſm.

the World knows none, but every Thing is taken as proved, that is but aſſerted againſt thoſe whom the World it taught to ſuppoſe *could* have been guilty of it.

In this calamitous Situation is the unhappy Being, penetrated with Sorrow for the Part he has acted; would he confeſs where he is guilty, and apologize for what is venial, he is inſultingly refuſed to be heard in his Defence.—Should he write—His Letters remain unopened, or unanſwered. Notwithſtanding the Dial ſpeaks not, it however points.—Crimes are now to be eſtabliſhed againſt him, on the Authority

of

of a *Hint*, and conſidered as proved by the Artifice of a ſtudied *Heſitation*.—Does the *ſullen* Accuſer condeſcend to any Thing like a Vindication of his Injuſtice—even, with all the Advantages that the World allows to the opulent over the oppreſſed, he becomes in turn equally Dextrous *in the Arts of Deception*, and is even ſo *ſpecious* that thoſe who having no Intereſt in the Queſtion, and therefore refuſe the Toil of thinking, are *led* to ſuppoſe him *juſt*,—His *Dexterity* upon theſe Occaſions is indeed admirable. Like Arioſto's Magician he never encounters the Enemy on fair Ground, but with the Aſſiſt-

ance of a flying Horſe comes pounce upon the Enemy—and is directly out of Sight.—The Profeſſion of the Law gives theſe Habits of *Management*, which I could not uſe if I would, nor (without meaning a Pun) would I, if I could. The artful Man who is engaged in diſhoneſt Deſigns, firſt takes Care to remove all *legal* Means of detection, but the Sentiments of honeſt Men admit *another kind of Proof*, which equally influences the Mind, and carries Conviction to the Breaſt with equal Force.

That

That Court, Nature points out as the moſt lenient even the Parents Breaſt (when once irritated by prejudice and anger) is, of all others, the moſt mercileſs.—Its proceedings are regulated by more than inquiſitional Rigour.—It becomes the very Temple of Myſanthropy, which, it ſhould be obſerved, is never erected but upon the Ruins of our beſt Feelings.

Abuſed Confidence turns to Suſpicion, and Suſpicion generates every Thing bad—It is the Concomitant of Guilt, the Enemy of Happineſs as well as Virtue, and what is more material to be obſerved

ſerved here, *it often makes the Food it feeds upon.*

Inflamed in Turn by the Severity of Puniſhment and the Wantonneſs of Inſult, dares the unhappy Offender refuſe to be tractable under the Laſh of Injuſtice, and to break down the Barrier of Policy by venturing to defend himſelf—does he withhold the demanded Tribute of *ardent and eternal Gratitude* for the mere adventitious Circumſtance of Exiſtence, and the bare Support of that Exiſtence for a few Years with Food and Raiment—he is inſtantly repreſented as a *Monſter* of Ingratitude and Baſeneſs, of which it becomes

becomes neceſſary to prevent the *Contagion*, and in Order to do this, he is induſtriouſly excluded all his former Society and arbitrarily cut off from EVERY Connection relative and ſocial.—Such Deſertion is a ſignal for his being totally abandoned by the World, which never fails giving large Credit for Error, and to urge (indeed with ſome Colour of Reaſon) that the Parent muſt naturally be partial and would not condemn without a Cauſe.—He now becomes ſo much an Outcaſt of Society that he feels as if not at all comprehended in the Scale of human Beings, or the Scheme and Protection of Providence, and thus is Miſery permitted

to ſap the Principles of Life, while the Stem is left to wither beneath the blaſt of Perfidy and Avarice. Theſe Scenes may be conceived and felt, but cannot be deſcribed, and where it is attempted, I muſt beg to be underſtood as having drawn upon the Reader's Feelings for the Deficiences of Expreſſion,—

Ovid, ſomewhere beautifully compares a Man in diſtreſſed Circumſtances to a ſinking Column, which the lower it falls the greater is the Weight it has to ſupport, and I perſonally feel the Force of the Application.—No! he that has fallen, falls to riſe no more.—Neglect and Cenſure

ſure await every unfavourable turn of Fortune's Wheel.—It is in vain he attempts doing himſelf Juſtice.—Reputation ever wreathes the Brow of thoſe whoſe Creſts are gilded with Wealth. The *Attempt* only proves the Effort of Weakneſs againſt Inflexibility.—Convicted of the two high Crimes *Poverty* and *Imprudence*, his Doom is to remain an Outlaw of Society, an Object of Suſpicion to moſt, of Pity to few, of Relief to none. Solomon ſays, Oppreſſion will make a wiſe Man mad; how then muſt it operate upon a generous Heart feeling the Pangs of Neglect and robbed by Diſtreſs and Diſcouragement of all its natural Powers

that

that are the great Stimulus to Exertion, who has no other Alternative than that of carving out a precarious Subſiſtence, by the Exerciſe of ſuch Talents as Providence may have bleſſed him with, or being compelled, for want of theſe, to a harder Deſtiny—to the Agony of appealing to the caſual Benevolence of others, to receive grudging Aſſiſtances, or to ſtruggle with the Severities of Refuſal. His Spirits are perhaps (after having received a liberal Education and adopting thoſe Ideas it inſpires) depreſſed by a laborious and ignoble Employment, in which the Labour of Life is balanced againſt the moſt pitiful Earnings, and the beſt Years of his

his exiſtence conſumed in the diſcharge of it's illiberal Duties: thus creeping through Life, like a Beaſt of Burden, though Nature had Perhaps deſigned him for the nobleſt Purſuits of the Field.—No Propoſition is too ignominious to be offered to a Man in a degraded Situation.—Does he want?—he is perhaps told to enliſt as a Soldier, or what is worſe—to write for ſome raſcally Attorney.—Buffetted, trampled on, and deſpiſed by the World, all that is left him to enjoy, is the *Impotence* of Indignation!

To reſume the progreſſive Narrative—The whole Magazine of Secret Manœuvres

nœuvres and Plans having been blown up and the *dreadful Explanation* given, accompanied with the neceſſary Proofs viz. The Liſt of Annuities Bills, Bonds, &c. Sentence of Tranſportation paſſes of Courſe,—he becomes *a Fugitive of Folly*, and the Road (as ſoon as you have reached the Poſt that terminates the Road to Ruin) is—To CALAIS.

It was (I remember) on a cheerleſs Morning, when the Sun had withdrawn his animating Beams from the dull Atmoſphere of London, that I ſet out with cheerleſs Heart to Dover—

The

The Weather evidently ſympathiſed with my Feelings.—Every thing that is new forcibly ſtrikes the youthful Mind.—I had never before been on board a veſſel larger than a ſailing Boat on the Thames, nor made any aquatic Expedition beyond Graveſend—Never, oh never, ſhall I forget my Feelings, when I caſt the laſt longing look on my Native Shore.—I am going (ſays I) but when ſhall I return! ah when?

——————Repetendaque nunquam
Vale, Terra, dixi!——————

Imagination at that Moment repreſented the d——d *diſtinheriting* Countenance more grim than ever!

No

No Man for the firſt time quits his native Soil, but with the Sigh of Sorrow and Reluctance, which wafts to his Imagination a thouſand Ideas of paſt Enjoyments, proportionately bitter in Recollection, as it is but too probable we ſhall never be ſo happy again! The Buſtle and Buſineſs around us, and the Rattling of the Sails, though ſtriking Objects to one who has never ſeen them, are totally inadequate to ſtifle the Feelings of the *parting Moment*.—I ſet myſelf down upon the Deck, like another *Darius*, revolving in my Mind my *altered* State.

——

"Deſerted

"Deſerted in my utmoſt Need,
By thoſe my former Bounty fed."

Loſt in Thought, my Mind ſtrayed wanton over the recollection of paſt Scenes, calling up to vain Imagination even the Groves and Woods that ſurrounded my Father's Manſion—The morning and evening Rides I had ſo often taken in its Vicinity; nor was there a chair in his Houſe of which I did not recollect the poſition when I left it for the laſt time.—All my former Pleaſures and Amuſements ſtood in bright array before me.—My Situa-

tion was like that of ADAM when he quitted the Garden of Eden.

——The World was all before me—
Where to chooſe, &c.——

It is however (ſaid I) the juſt Conſequence of my Folly,—then why dwell on ſubjects that can ſerve only to recal gloomy Ideas.—Every Situation of Life affords ſome Pleaſure to the Mind that is willing to improve Opportunities of enjoying it, and from a Mind ſo diſpoſed, Felicity may be extracted from very trivial Cauſes.—

" Still to ourſelves in every place confign'd,
" Our own Felicity we make, or find;

" With

" With ſecret Courſe, which no loud Storms deſtroy,
" Flows the ſmooth Current of domeſtic Joy."

I will travel (ſays I) and ſee France, and ſhould this little Volume meet a favorable Reception in the World, I may perhaps venture on a ſecond Eſſay of my Pen and detail my Obſervations. As they will be principally confined to the deſcription of Men and Manners, and particularly of my own Countrymen abroad, it may prove more acceptable, as well as more worthy of being ſo.—It may be followed too by a Publication I have long meditated,

viz.—"An Apology for a Life of Error," in which I ſhall give the only Apology it affords, a free and open Confeſſion of *all* the Acts of a very irregular Life, with every *Spring* that generated *Thought* and quickened *Thought* to *Action*; every *Motive* for every *Cauſe*, and every *Cauſe* with its *Effect*—It has been a Life full of Incident, pregnant with Viciſſitudes ſcarce ever given to the World by the wildeſt Writers of Romance, including a Traverſe of nearly half the Globe—comprehending a Period of near Twenty Years.—I ſhall addreſs it to my Father with this precatory Motto. "*Da venium, ſi quid liberius*

berius dixi, non ad Contumeliam tuam, ſed ad Defenſionem meam, preſumpſi enim, de Gravitate et Prudentiâ tua, quia potes conſiderare, Quantam mihi reſpondendi Neceſſitatem impoſueris.

The *Receſſes* of my Life, would diſcloſe many ſevere reverſes of fortune and many Actions dependent on them that will doubtleſs be attributed to different Cauſes as Severity or Candor are permitted to decide.—A generous Public will however forgive Errors, and perhaps even permit the Palliation of ſome Vices of Youth that proceed from no deliberate turpitude of Heart—perhaps

too, he who is now the Slave of Viciſſitude,—a wandering Stranger upon Earth,—may yet experience one change for the better, Expectation at leaſt unfolds the Volume of human Events, and ſtrengthens him to repel the Invaſions of Diſtraction.—

Again, to proceed—(which the frequency of Obſervation has ſo much interrupted.)

Soon as the Fugitive reaches the Territories of France he is ſafe from arreſt, he breathes a *freer* Air, and if he

he cannot look *before* him with Hope, he may at leaſt look *behind* him without Fear.—An old Engliſh Attorney, reſides upon the Spot, and gleans the ſcanty Guinea from his Countrymen for telling them what every Body knows.*—The Edict of the King of France

* As ſo many young Men who have met Ruin (in the Way here deſcribed) fly from England to find Security from Arreſt for Debt, it may be of Service to point out to them, WHERE they are ſafe from the Effect of Britiſh Debts and WHERE NOT.

They are ſafe in all Parts of FRANCE and ITALY—but not in GENEVA, or any Part of Switzerland, neither in any part of FLANDERS or GERMANY, or (as the Writer is informed) in HOLLAND.—Nor is the Fugitive ſafe

France gives this Privilege, and his Reaſoning, in favor of the Debtor is ſo liberal and humane that one cannot help feelingly lamenting and indeed beſtowing the grateful Tribute of a Tear, at finding ſo benevolent a Being, and a King, of a Heart *flowing* with the Milk of human Kindneſs, ſo heavily afflicted and deprived himſelf of that Bleſſing he has given to thouſands.—Peace and Happineſs be to *his* Breaſt who has liberally diſpenſed

ſafe from Arreſt in the Eaſt,—Weſt-Indies, or North America, where Powers of Attorney are conſtantly ſent out after the Debtor and he is impriſoned for the ſame, *on the firſt Proceſs* as in England.

it

it to others! May a better Reward await him,—may Care be a ſtranger to him, and Trouble no more paſs the Threſhold of his Manſion *!

* Since writing the above, the dreadful Event has taken place that muſt agonize every Breaſt of feeling and humanity,—Although born a Deſpot, there was a Mildneſs in his Nature, and however tutored in arbitrary Principles, ſtill the Spirit of Humanity, Gentleneſs, and Accomodation that pervaded his Temper, rendered him in the firſt Inſtance of the Revolution that *yielding* Character, ſo adapted to the prevalent humour of the Times.—*His* Error was never that of Obduracy.—*He* never perſiſted in a War of folly and wickedneſs—But why ſpeak *negatively* of his Virtues—*He* did every Thing to make his ſubjects happy,—and the Curſe of Heaven will ſurely fall upon his Murderers!!!

Experience

Experience ſays the Sacred Book bringeth Hope, and again—That by Hope we are ſaved.—May thoſe, who have fallen into the Snares he deſcribed and become FUGITIVES of FOLLY, here at leaſt, ſtop their ruinous Career, and while they are reading Bolingbroke on Exile, and taking their daily Walk, (the Fugitive's daily practice,) to caſt the wiſhful Look on Albion's Cliffs, viewing them with reluctant Sighs, let them reflect on the *Cauſe*, and improve the Time *that is to come* as an Atonement for *that which is paſt*.

The

The Road by Contrition to Amendment is a very painful one, but there is no other, and though Patience is bitter, yet the Fruits of it are ſweet. —Let him learn the French Language —Study Men and Manners, and avoid the Society of his Countrymen, *unleſs well known*, and unleſs they have quitted the Plan of Life that has rendered them Fugitives; for it may be laid down as a Rule that there is not one, in fifty Engliſh *Reſidents*, abroad but are Fugitives for Debt or Crimes, and though thoſe of the firſt deſcription ſo greatly preponderate, yet even *ſuch Lives* cannot have been very correct—To ſpeak generally.—

All

"All Evils *here* contaminate the Mind,
That Opulence departed leaves behind!"

Let him never permit the Impreſſion to be removed from his Mind, that his preſent Duty is *Atonement*, and Puniſhment (ſays the wiſe Man) purgeth Evil.—As he now inherits a new Country, let him adopt new Manners.—There can be no *real* Happineſs in that Man's Life who allots not a due Share of his Time to Regularity.—By continual Diſſipation, Youth are rendered giddy or thoughtleſs, and contract unavoidably that Spirit of Diſorder and Confuſion ſo generally prevalent in the World. It is not even a

ſufficient

ſufficient Preſervation againſt this Evil, that the Circles of Society in which he moves are not of a libertine and vicious Kind; if they withdraw us from that Attention to ourſelves and our domeſtic Concerns, they are ſubverſive of Order; what is even innocent in itſelf degenerates into a Crime from being carried to Exceſs, and an idle trifling Society is very nearly a-kin to that which is corrupting. Order, is the Region where Tranquillity and Happineſs principally dwell. No Man can be happy who cannot look into the State of his Affairs and the Tenor of his Conduct without diſcerning all to be embroiled,—who is either in the midſt

of Remorſe for what he has neglected to do, or in the midſt of Hurry to overtake, what he finds too late, was neceſſary to be done. Such, as live with Regularity and Order, may be compared to the celeſtial Bodies which move in regular Courſe and by ſtated Laws, whoſe Influence is beneficent, and whoſe Operations are quiet and tranquil.—The Diſorderly, reſemble thoſe tumultrous Elements on Earth, that by ſudden and violent Irruptions, diſturb the Courſe of Nature and Occaſion Deſtruction and Ruin.—Let him above all, ſuppreſs the Dictates of Pride in the Suggeſtions of Prudence, and remember that Œconomy, though no ſhining Vir-

tue,

tue, is a very ſolid one; it is the obſcure Root (ſays an elegant Eſſayeſt) which nouriſhes the Foliage of Trees, that lift heir Heads to the Skies.—SULLY, and other great Men, have not been aſhamed to acknowledge that they owed much of their Succeſs in Life to it. Poverty on the contrary (an inevitable Conſequence of the Want of Prudence) is the conſtant Spring of preying Care, Uneaſineſs, a diſordered Mind and painful Reſtleſſneſs; it is beſides a Stimulus to low and baſe Actions.—Debt, like Cerberus, guards every Avenue to the Heart by which Eaſe or Happineſs might approach, whereas Œconomy drives far away, all

Torments that corrode the Heart and hurt the Man.—It is at once (fays the fame Writer) the confoling Support of Life and the Safeguard of Virtue, the Pillow on which we may Slumber without dread of Futurity.—Although the unhappy Youth has hitherto navigated far from the Shores of Morality, even to Shipwreck—*this* is the Beacon and the only one, that can light him Home to his native Harbour.—

The Fate attending a Life of Imprudence is frequently even yet more tragical, and terminates in *Suicide* or a *Goal*.—There is indeed fomething in modern Life

and

and modern Manners extremely favourable both to *Lunacy* and *Suicide*.—Men in common Life seem to be losing Sight of that true Independence of Mind which would set them beyond the Disappointments too frequently the Cause of them, and in place of which we find the Substitute of a passionate, unbridled impatient Spirit that can brook no Disappointment and that leads to no active Energy.—Industry, seems now left out from the *Ways and Means* of Life, and a System is introduced in its place that partakes of the Principles of *Chance*, *Enterprize* and *Gaming*.—To be a *Gamester in Life*, it is not solely necessary to be an adept at Cards and

Dice; the *Principle* of Gaming is equally conſpicuous, whether the *Implements* be Cards or Dice, or a certain Portion of Talents we fancy ourſelves poſſeſſed of, and *throw* on Purpoſe to win the great Stake—*a Fortune.*

There are *two* Ways of living.—The plain ſtraight forward Path of ſome uſeful Profeſſion (now faſt wearing out) and what are called the LUCKY HITS of Life; (which ſo frequently turn out very *unlucky* ones,) yet form the Study of the greateſt ſhare of the juvenile Part of Mankind.—From the Sentiments of looſe Characters, they learn that Life is a

Lottery,

Lottery, but forget that in all *Lotteries* the Blanks are more numerous than the *Prizes* and the *great Prizes* so few, as to bear no Proportion to those that are trifling and inconsiderable. To preach Patience to the disappointed *Gamester of Life* is in vain, his Mind has no Receptacle for such Consolation.—The Man, on the contrary, who patiently weathers the Storms of Life, and by a becoming Assiduity in the Pursuits of an honourable Profession, has kept himself above more Want,—To such a Man in the Hour of Calamity, Consolation may be offered and will be accepted; he has the source of it within himself, in the Reflections of a well

a well ſpent Life; but the *Gameſter of Life*, who waſtes his Time and Strength, the Days of Health and Utility in watching a *lucky Hit*, ſuch a Man may ſometimes be pitied, but will never be aſſiſted,—he has ſtepped out of the known and beaten Track of Life.———There is no Map of that Country in which he wanders.

The Fate of a *Goal* is truly dreadful,—unleſs indeed, congenial Depravity of Mind renders him a fit Aſſociate of the Beings who generally tenant theſe miſerable Manſions; Calamity may receive a temporary Opiate in momentary

Relief

Relief from Suſpenſe, and the diſtreſſing Viciſſitudes of Hope and Diſappointment—but it is in every Point of View a ſerious Evil, and though many are even *gorged* with Bounty miſapplied, and live in Profuſion, Riot and Debauchery within theſe walls, yet here is alſo to be found every Species of human Miſery——The Wretch of keen Senſations, blaſted by Accident in the Bloſſom of Fortune—Numbers, ſhivering in the ſolitary Receſs of Indigence—the Parent who had ſeen happier days, ſurrounded by a wretched naked Offſpring—For my own Part, I never heard the opening of the Gate without

ſeeing in *Imagintion* Milton's Deſcription of the Opening the Gates of Hell.

——"In the Keyhole turn'd
Th' intricate Wards, and ev'ry Bolt and Bar
Of maſſy Iron, or ſolid Rock, with Eaſe
Unfaſtens: on a ſudden open fly
With impetuous Recoil, and jarring Sound,
Th' infernal Doors, and on their Hinges grate
Harſh Thunder"——

Liberty, ſweet Goddeſs heavenly bright, ſmiles not here, to enliven the Sons of Solitude and Sorrow with a Single trancient Gleam——but

"To diſcloſe *the Secrets of the im-*

priſoned

priſoned Houſe" would be only committing an Outrage on the Readers' Feelings—How often have I had Reaſon to lament in the Space of theſe few ſcanty Pages, that the Mind of Senſibility has no Language adequate to the Expreſſion of her Feelings———The involuntary Tear is at this Moment guſhing from my Eye as I write, with the painful Recollection of my own Sufferings in confinement, from the Source only of *wounded Feelings*——Has the Priſoner any *Mind*, he will receive the moſt poignant Anguiſh, from the *Irritation* of Neglect, ſeeing one Relation paſſing his Door without deign-

ing

ing once to look in, and another, viſiting him only from Oſtentation, or to aggravate his Miſery by the Acrimony of Reproach——SATAN is accuſed of viſiting the Abodes of Paradiſe to intercept the ſcenes of primæval Happineſs that awaited our firſt Parents in Eden, *this latter Inſtance*, improves upon that Example, and exhibits an unfeeling Being *intruding* upon the Manſion of Miſery, only to open new avenues to Deſpair, and make the Unhappy more wretched; Nor perhaps are the Priſoner's Feelings tranquilized, at the very frequent, and mortifying Proſpect of beholding ſucceſsful Blockheads every Day

Day tumbled over his Head in the Scenes of Active Life, inſtead of gravitating beneath in their natural Order of Deſcent.—

EXILE, is the laſt and mildeſt Puniſhment that attends the imprudent Extravagant—indeed, could a Man forget the *Cauſe*, and not feel that involuntary Repugnance, which naturally attaches to *every* Act of Compulſion, it would be no Puniſhment at all.—Yes! ſomething more is neceſſary to perfect Conciliation in himſelf and patient Acquieſcence in his Deſtiny——he muſt obliterate the Remembrance of paſt Scenes, and the Proſ-

pects of Elevation and Happineſs they once afforded him: unluckily too, *a certain Degree of Diſtance* is calculated to give them Beauties in *Perſpective*, that would perhaps vaniſh on being approached, or which poſſibly exiſt only in Imagination, to give thoſe agreeable Deluſions that felicitate the Dreams of Life.—In Order to opiate *imaginary* Calamities, he muſt ſing his Requiem to Ambition, tranquillize his Paſſions, and humiliate his Mind to his Situation.

After taſting the Curſe of Incarceration, have now ſpent ſome Time abroad.—

Different

Different Objects generate different Ideas in different Perſons.—Local Attachments ſeem natural to the Mind, and the beſt Paſſions of the Heart owe their Birth to them, but if there are ſome who deem local Attachments the moſt natural and inſuperable, there are others not exactly of the ſame Diſpoſition.—Let them ſpeak as they find.—With me, I confeſs, increaſing Years leſſens my Attachment both to Soil and Climate, on every Account but as they affect Salubrity. In the Eye of the *Chemiſt*, every diſtinct Species of Earth is the ſame all the World over, to the View of the

Naturaliſt the Oak and the Elm appear the ſame in France and Flanders as in England, and if in each, there may be a few animal and vegetable Productions that the other has not, the Number is inconſiderable, and neither the Preſence of the one, nor the Abſence of the other could occaſion any preponderancy in a Balance that ſuſpended the reſpective Advantages of each; the Ties of Friendſhip and the Attachment of the ſocial Feelings will indeed frequently ſtamp a Preference which, though we may almoſt perſuade ourſelves not to perceive, we can ſeldom be influenced not to feel.—Cold, however, muſt be that Friendſhip, and

weak

weak thoſe Attachments of which Chance or Diſtance can reſtrain the Operation;—when well founded, their Emanations, like thoſe of the Sun, are diffuſed with a conſtant and ſteady Luſtre, the Source remains without Variation or Diminution, though it is true, that in Proportion as an Object is further removed, more intervening Objects may intercept their Rays or conſpire to weaken the Action of them.—

The retired Life an Engliſhman may lead abroad is extremely favourable to Contemplation.—I often indulge myſelf in reflecting on the paſt Days of Adventure,

ture, which brings to my Recollection many young People who have quitted a Life of Induſtry and Competence to purſue the Phantom Hope, through thoſe Mazes of Miſery, ſhe generally leads them, ſtimulated at firſt by Choice but perhaps afterwards inſtigated by Neceſſity.—When once a Life of Irregularity is commenced, a Man ſeldom ſettles afterwards.—It brings with it a kind of Infatuation.—A Life of Eaſe and Innocence becomes inſipid to the Mind intoxicated with Intemperance. Nevertheleſs, this is not always the Caſe, and then perhaps the Adventurer is repaid with Intereſt in Felicity.—The Act of our Neceſſity is

ſtrange

ſtrange, ſays Lear, that can make vile Things, precious.—Men who have never been in Diſtreſs, can certainly never know the ſame Luxury of Enjoyment, nor have the Reliſh of thoſe who from Indigence and Want have been afterwards elevated to *Independence*—(To him who knows what this World is—the firſt Bleſſing of human Life!—He, is beyond all Compariſon the happieſt of Mortals, *and the richeſt*, whoſe Reſources are within himſelf and who depends leaſt on the Aſſiſtance of others.—

Amidſt the Reflection of all the Hardſhips and Afflictions I have ſuffered, (and my

my Share of them has been abundant,) ſhould Heaven allot me this Bleſſing, (even towards the cloſe of Life,) I ſhould think it a Compenſation for them all.—— At preſent I muſt ſay with Cæſar, though with very different Proſpects of Succeſs.

——Te, Fortuna ſequor!! *.—

* See the Character of Cæſar as drawn by Lucan.

FINIS.

MUSEUM BRITANNICUM